

(CONTINUANCE)

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I had joined into a product of my environment
I became Criminal Just like my Southern family
I met A Guy in Sylvester Ga. And he
Started Giving me Large Quantities of drugs
I started Selling drugs, striping, shoplifting,
Robbery At Stores, you name it And I would do it
for money. One time I had some money with
Blood on it, my Grandmother taught me how to
use Bleach to remove stains from money...
I looked up to her, I would tell her everything
And she would always encourage me, I would
buy her expensive stuff, pay all her bills
I know today it all was wrong, and she
loved me. I had a awful childhood, and she
was the first person to tell me they loved me
for that feeling and her love I would do
anything. Starting as a teenager I had made
a name for myself. people borrowed money for
interest back from me. I had met some of the
most talented people who were criminals my
friends were those who could make several thousand
a day. The Southern Area was called C.M.E
which mean Crime, murder, Execution. people were
Afraid of that Area. police has even been assaulted.
dope was sold in front of the church, it didnt
matter if they were praising God. The people in
the streets all have tried to get me for their
own selfish reasons. pimps were really bad
one time after leaving the strip club in Atlanta
a pimp tried to kidnap me. Wee in the streets

you meet Good & Bad people. Some of them want
to use you or be used by you. But they are
predators and can tell if you have any business
about your self. you have people who have never worked
have the best of everything. I remember one guy
couldn't read or write, but he traveled all over gambling
and never lost, I also remember one guy who would
get naked, and walk in between the red bean lines
that trigger the alarm, and open any company safe.
one guy was labeled the cat burglar, he would
rob you and you never seen him, he made headlines
he was wanted bad for serial burglary. I learned
a lot. When you're lost, you can't see your breaking
the law we call it survival, and money makes you
independent. I had never had a family, so I
felt like I hit the lottery, I needed to belong.

My personality became addictive to materialism.

After a few years passed, I was gone with the wind.

My loyalty was for my family like my grandmother
said. I started drinking, smoking weed, and popping
pills. it was easier to cope with the emotional
volcano inside me, especially when reality sunk in.

There was no one to take care of me, I often
wondered if anyone saw me as a person.

But the street life was all I knew. I was
lived of foster homes, etc. I wasn't going

back in that cycle anymore, so I gave up
any hope for a better life. Crack cocaine
started taking over my mother became a

crack addict so there was no hope of
establishing a relationship at all. I started
getting into trouble with the law. My first
time was about my aunt liking another girl

When we arrived a boy was at Her Girl friend house, and the police was called, and I was arrested also, my family was so bad with the law. The Judge sent me to the John school. And he also reprimanded my grandmother. Was I scared, no. I always escaped from where ever they sent me. Women you get in jail and prison, they will punk you out, so violence started when I was arrested. One girl had chabis so we all had to shave. Other girls was sexually assaulted with bicycles from several girls. When you're locked up inmates learn the system and you won't be protected from everyone on everything. So you find yourself fighting, some people know their wrong, but they will disrespect you, it doesn't matter if it's juvenile, prison, boot camp, etc. There's gonna always be some drama. I needed help then, but didn't know it. I was lost and turned out, but locking me up made me see the negative in life when you're locked up. Where ever you're from that's who you show favor too. And for some it's protection. Some people need that you can be jumped by several people, you can be assaulted with a lock in the sock. So my mind was altered and I was never the same, so much happen in a prison society. When I was finally released, I bought a pistol, and during a rape & robbery I shot someone that person died because of the sexual assault I was given 20 years probation. I felt really bad about that. Regardless of what he did, I never wanted it to happen like that. When you come from situations as me. A pistol is nothing too get.

I SO MANY COUSINS, AUNTS, AND UNCLE'S, SO WE ALWAYS DID EVERYTHING TOGETHER, AND OUR GRANDMOTHER WOULD HAVE TO APPROVE OR YOU COULDN'T BE WITH ONE OF US. I LOVE FROM THE DEPTHS OF ME. I FELL IN LOVE WITH THIS NUTSHELL, BUT HE COULDN'T BE ALL MINE'S BECAUSE HE HAD A "LADY AND KIDS, SO THEN I MET HIM, BOY WAS I CRAZY ABOUT HIM, HE WAS A "HONEST MAN, AND MY GRANDMOTHER DIDN'T APPROVE HE WOULD LISTEN TO ME, HE KNEW ABOUT MY CAUSE AND DIDN'T JUDGE ME. MY GRANDMOTHER CALLED RENTAL PLACES AND DISCOURAGED PEOPLE FROM RENTING US A "HOUSE. EVENTUALLY IT WAS ACCOMPLISHED NO ONE WAS HAPPY FOR ME, I HAD IT ALL AND SOMEONE TOO LOVE ME, I WAS CONFUSED BECAUSE IT SEEMED EVERYONE WAS LIVING OFF MY ILLEGAL LIFESTYLE, AND THINGS WERE CHANGING, I WAS CHANGING, I LOVED HIM AND HE OPPOSED THE FLAT EARTH ABOUT MY FAMILY. I WAS ASHAMED TO TELL HIM MY SECRETS WHAT I'M SHARING NOW BECAUSE, VISUALLY HE COULDN'T SEE THAT BROKEN CHILD INSIDE OF ME, WHAT HE SAW WAS A "WORKMATE. HIS EYE CANDY, HE COULDN'T SEE THE DAMAGE MY OWN FAMILY CAUSED. IT'S HARD LOVING SOMEONE 100% PERCENT WHEN, YOU HAVE SO MANY SECRETS I GAVE WHAT I COULD, I'LL NEVER REGRET HIM BECAUSE HE GAVE HIS ALL. AFTER SEVERAL YEARS OF MY FAIRY TALE, MY UNCLE TOLD ME HE CHEATED ON ME. THAT THEY BOTH PICKED UP A "GIRL AND HAD SEX WITH HER. MY EMOTIONS WAS HEAVY BECAUSE I KNEW THAT WAS MY FAMILY WAY OF DESTROYING MY HAPPINESS WITH HIM. I COULDN'T BE WITH HIM ANYMORE MY PRETTY HOUSE SEEMED DIFFERENT NOW, THAT SAME UNCLE WAS HAPPY TO MOVE MY THINGS BACK

into the family, And Back with my Grandmother,
my heart was Broken, See when the chips are down
Shopping And fashion was my Habit Addiction
And drugs had been my new found joy. Cocaine
was my new friend. Fashion Always kept me
looking perfect in the public eye. And Cocaine
dealt with the part, I Couldn't Cope with. A lot
of men Admired me But most felt they Couldn't
Afford me my family was About money. My Aunt
was dating A" Known drug dealer, they had very
Expensive Antiques, But he was very Abusive
one time he hit her with A" fan belt that come out
of A" Car. her face Actually split open. She called
my Grandmother she needed pamper's etc. She was
in no shape to come out the house, so I purchased
Everything And took it too her, this Guy was selling
Kilo's And he had A" whole neighborhood, selling his
Cocaine, he was mean, And would have Cocaine parties
And you would have to be very open minded to participate
Even tho, he did what he wanted, she Couldn't. He
was so Bold he would bring women home, And she
Better not say Anything. he was A" Great provider And
that's All, so we both was having problems, But she
was secretly smoking crack, she had A" super big
Chorus pipe. your people could get high that's
how big it was And how much Cocaine we used,
I had smoked But never smoked Cocaine with they
call crack. We sat there your hours just getting
high. that feeling was different, And became
our little secret. Little did I know I would
become addicted And use Cocaine for years. My
whole life changed And another family member
had just put more poison in my life. (to be continued)